

POOR DICK

In memory of R----- T-----, who died at Wilton,
in his fifteenth year.

Poor Dick is dade an gone away,
Up to his wom on high;
An lore zeems ard, wen we da think,
That one za young shid die.

An jist as he had lave'd tha school,
An wur bown to a trade;
Ta think that 'tis all auver now,
That in tha grave he's laid.

Var Dick a wur as merry a bwoy,
As liv'd in thease yer pleace;
Zich sparklin glee did vill his eyes,
Zich smiles did lite his feace.

At school, or wom, at wirk or play,
In any youthful geam;
Poor Dick a wur a vaverite,
An aelways wur tha zeam.

At Chirch amang tha Choir bwoys,
He wur a model quite;
Of wat a bwoy did ought ta be,
Dress'd in a zurplis white.

An nar a bwoy amang tha lot,
Cud zing za nice as he;
His voice wur like a zilver bell,
That zouns za pleasantly.

The nayburs that did live cloas by,
His wom upon tha hill;
Ael zed that Dick's zweet cheerful voice,
Wie joy ther hearts did vill.

Aye, on this earth there did'n live,
A nicer bwoy than Dick;
Nuthin did zeem ta put un out,
No, not wen he wur zick.

Vor wen upon a bade a pain,
Poor Dick wur laid za ill,
Zich good things did vill up his mind,
Zich joy his eyes did vill.

A zed a had no wish ta liv,
Therevore tha need'd zigh;
He know'd there wur a wom var he,
Up var above tha sky.

An zo Poor Dick, wieout a tear,
Did breathe his last on earth;
A smile play'd on his cold clay lips,
A smile of heavenly birth.

I never shall vorget tha zeene,
Wen Dick wur buried low;
Zich loud laments, zich bitter zighs,
Zich tears in streams did vlow.

Underds there stood aroun his greave,
An wen a hymn thay zung;
Thay wur abliged ta turn thur yeads,
Becaws ther hearts wur rung.

Tha Choir bwoys in zurplis white,
Wie trimblin voices thick;
Thay skierce cud zing, var zarrer keen,
Ah thinkin on Poor Dick.

Zo there he lays, one zide tha church,
In a leetle narrer cell;
Bit glorious truth, we know that now
His soul in heaven da dwell.